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The Tales of an Average Businessman



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Chapter 1 by Talivus

It's been a long day, in fact is 1 am right now as I slowly slug my way towards the entrance of my apartment. I currently on the 13th floor of an apartment complex in the middle of the busiest city in the world, New Apolis. People say this is the best city in the world, a place where fortunes can be made, where poverty is non-existent and everyone is always happy. Those people have never lived in it.

Nothing interesting happens here but work and more work. I get up at 7 am and work to 10 pm. Tonight my boss was even more cruel than usual, forcing me to finish this stupid computer program. Not sure if that is even legal, but I have no choice. This is the only job I have and I can't afford to lose it. Not only do I have to put up with my boss's demands, but his incisive yelling too.

It's always, "John do this, John do that, why the hell are you not done with that crap yet."

God I want him dead, but that's life I guess. I just have to make it one day at a time.

I jam my key into the door and push it open. At least I have my sweet home and bed to come back to. It was pitch dark in my small little apartment, but it was at least my one place of

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A pleasant scent of roses and lilac fills the air. I take a deep breath and inhale that fragrant something a bit more deeply.

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I flick on the light switch and as my eyes grew accustomed to the light. In front of me was this beautiful lady in a scarlet red dress sitting cross legged in a chair facing me.

When I was finally able to avert my eyes from her luscious.....face (What? What did you think I was going to say?) only to see a sight that instantly almost caused me to throw up.

At her feet laid a dead man. His body mutilated almost beyond recognition.

I gasped in shock, but that only made me breath in more of that decaying smell, causing me to gag. Covering my mouth, I slowly backed out of my apartment.

The lady only sat there and smiled sweetly, "Welcome home John."

Chapter 2 by perple



"Who the hell are you?" I said from behind the door, ready to call the police. "I'm your new boss." The woman said.

"My new boss? Who are you, and who did you kill?"

"Your old boss. Let's just say you're under new management. We are a secret organisation known as NASD, or New Apolis Secret Division of Operations. If you call the police, they would care less. We're with the government. Good luck."

"And if I fail whatever it is you want?"

"You'll end up like your boss. He was supposed to train you, he didn't follow orders though. He was in it for the money. Welcome to NASD, John."

Chapter 3 by adware



"I don't believe you."

I run to the kitchen to call the police. I hear a familiar chime back in the living room. It's my laptop starting up. My finger hovers over the final digit. Slowly I walk back to the living room. The woman has turned her back to me. My laptop is on her lap and the program I just completed for my boss, who is lying destroyed on the floor, is open on the display.

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Chapter 1 by kevins



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"Well you're almost right," she says, " This is actually for NASD's new super enhanced drone model. You just wrote the basic program, and quite marvelously may I add, but our team of specialists will add on more layers to create drones that will fly at shocking altitudes, shoot a wide range of weaponry, and all at the size of your phone."

"That's impossible," I argue. "There's no way a toy drone could do that."

"Oh, but honey, the toys at NASD can do that and much, much, more, and if you joined, then you could make them do anything you want." She counters very persuasively.

"No way. I'm not joining your shady organization. And if you try to hurt me, I'm sure the police would do something, even if you are a part of the government, so don't even try." I say.

"Well that's too bad. But I figured things would turn out this way, so I'll just leave for now, but be prepared, because we will continue to recruit you, and soon you'll join out of your own free will." She says. It sounds like a threat, but from the way she talked, you would've guessed she was asking for a drink. She grabs the dead body and swings it onto her shoulder effortlessly like she's Santa, then walks across the room to the door, her heels not making a sound. As she opens the door, the wind blows into the room and a side cutout on her dress parts. For a second I think I see straps on her thigh filled with more dangerous weapons than I'd ever seen before, but then she closes the door behind her and I wonder if maybe this is all a dream because I was too tired and fell asleep as soon as I'd walked in. I walk over to my bed and think to myself, I sure hope it's a dream, or else I might go crazy.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8

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